

# *The Sky Line Trail*



*Photo by Carl Rungius*

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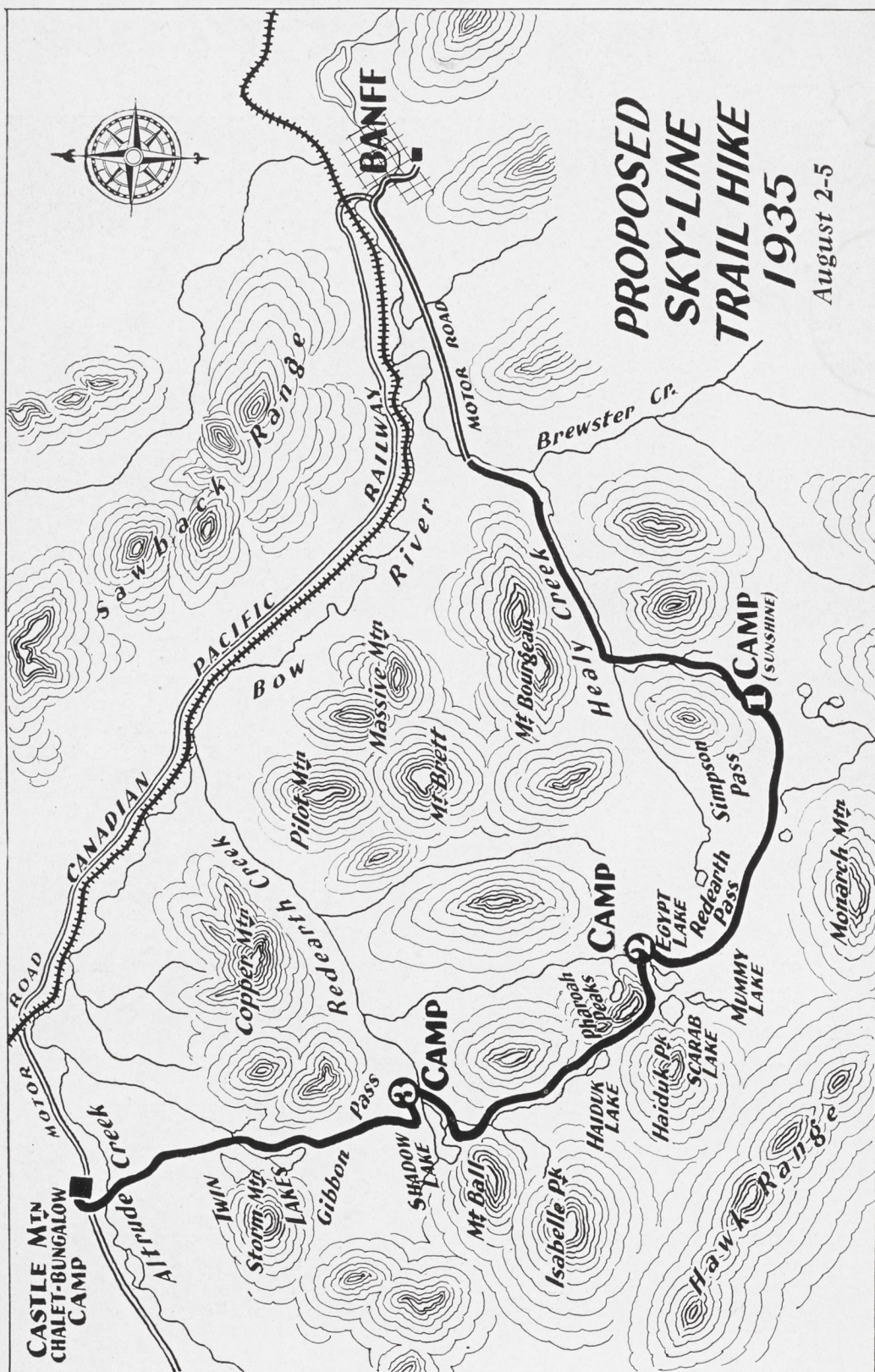






Photo by R. H. Palenske

Wilf Carter—Cowboy Singer—is a favourite with Trail Riders and Sky Line Trail Hikers.

## *But More Fun Without the Boots*

Or, What *Not* to Wear in the Canadian Rockies

by Margaret Lloyd

"Lord Rosedale was a noble lord,  
A noble lord, he was, of hi-igh degree,  
And he determined for to go abroad,  
Strange co-un-tries for to see."

*Reprinted by permission from The Christian Science Monitor*

**W**HEN Lord Rosedale and his plebeian spouse, Bridget, were invited to join the Sky Line Trail Hike in the Canadian Rockies, come August, they accepted with alacrity, as a reasonable part of their transcontinental tour of Canada; there to study the strange ways of its inhabitants and write about them for the "poipers."

### MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW FOR THE EGYPT LAKES HIKE

In order to make adequate arrangements for tent accommodation, food supplies, etc., for the camps on this four day hike, three nights under canvas, we must know how many to expect. Inclusive cost from Banff and back to Banff is \$22.50. Busses to Healey Creek with start from Banff early on Friday morning, August 2nd. See map on opposite page for itinerary. Those attending the Alpine Club Camp at Mount Assiniboine can join the Sky Line Trail Hike at Sunshine Camp. Send reservations without delay to the Secretary Treasurer, Room 324, Windsor Station, Montreal, or to the western Secretary, Dan McCowan, Banff.





*Where an Alpenstock helps the balance.*

*Photo by Carl Rungius.*

Of course clothes were the first thought that came into Bridget's head. But Lord Rosedale, preoccupied with intellectual matters and the art of paying one's bills, dismissed the consideration as unworthy of attention. Mr. Murray Gibbon, who has a lot to do with the Canadian Pacific Railway running like a fluid and beautifully behaved broad ribbon across the continent,—being arch-instigator of the Hike, as of the Trail Ride that precedes it, and of the comfortably equipped bungalow camps that make intimate acquaintance with the grand old mountains possible,—was at length called upon for advice. "Oh, anything at all," he, man-like, averred. "Just old clothes—whatever you have," "And what do the ladies wear on their feet?" He didn't know. Except that there must be hobnails.

### **Sez Bridget**

"Anything a-tall, izzit," sez Bridget. "Well thin, it'll be your old red sweater for you, Lord Rosedale; some khaki riding-breeches (His Lordship does not play golf—in fact, His Lordship had at that time still to learn to play at all), a gray flannel shirt, wool hose and some hobnailed boots, to be picked up in Vancouver, where English imports are said to be plentiful."

"For me, it will be the ex-riding-breeches of Elizaveta, the outgrown blue flannel shirt of

Michael, the big blue camp sweater of one or another of the childer, and the blue beret of Apple-Faced Anne. Hobnails in Vancouver, as prescribed." For the Lord Rosedales, up to that summer, had been bending their backs to the typewriter and the dish-pan, the better to send their offspring to camp, my dears. Hence the domestic source of supplies.

### **Thus Equipped**

Thus equipped, they set off to cross Canada, and found a world full of marvels. Tears of joy were constantly running down Mrs. (not Lady) Rosedale's red vacation nose. Her freckles all came out in a riotous dance of glee. Lord Rosedale surveyed the wonders with his customary calm and dignity, but even he had to admit there was something in this travel thing.

Came the hour to purchase the hobnails, which was the one hour before train time. Lord Rosedale would have none of your department stores. He must go to an aristocratic boot maker. Result—one pair of extra heavy men's hiking boots, worth their weight in lead, and another pair of boys' square-toed high boots, which had a mountainy look with their red and green stitching, and a mighty mountainous feel. And hobnails. Both pair were too big.

It was all a horrendous mistake. Not the hobnails, but the general equipment. In the





*Wilf Carter thinks he sees a goat.*



*Negotiating a glacier.*





*Simpson Pass.*

*Photo by Caroline Hinman*



*At the foot of Mona  
Simpson*



*Hawk Range south of Egypt Lake.*

*National Parks Branch Photo*

*Scenes along the Route of the*





*Photo by Caroline Hinman  
Arch Mountain near  
Pass.*



*Alpine Prairie on Whistling Valley.*

*Photo by Jim Brewster*



*Scarab Lake from the summit of Whistling Pass.*

*Photo by J. M. Gibbon*



four incomparable days that followed, what did Mrs. Rosedale sartorially discover? Ladies first, of course. And they mostly wore lovely high tan riding boots, reaching to just below the knee and laced for flexibility, suitable to either hiking or riding, one or the other of which you must do in the midst of mountains. The toes were daintily rounded. The heels weren't so awfully squat. They looked feminine but useful. And their hobnail studding was diamond-deft, not driven in by the bushel. (You can get them just as well in the East.) One charming Swedish lady wore a pair of Oxford brogues. She it was (a dress-designer when on duty) who shone in her tasteful walking-suit, consisting of

a four-day hike with such painfully brand new, creaking, stiff and unwieldy boots. Mr. Gibbon, a veteran at the game, and just returned from the Trail Ride, wore comfortable old shoes, laced loosely to the ankles, and quite haphazardly hobnailed.

So much for feet—the most important item surely, on a mountain hike. It was raining at the time of starting. Bridget had picked up a red rain cape, with cap, for 48 cents. It was long. It caught in bushes. It swished continually, impeding progress (along with the square-toed, much too large boots). The cap dropped several times and was at length forgotten, somewhere in a mountain pass. Here Lord



*Photo by J. M. Gibbon*

*Looking west from Whistling Valley over Haiduk Lake on the 1935 Sky Line Trail Hike.*

a smart, green flared skirt and green leather jacket, with a gay little Alpine feather in her jaunty green beret. (Green is nice among the gray mountains, and so is red.)

Then there was Georgia, the veriest antelope of them all. Her unruly mass of curls were shaved to a boyish shingle. She wore old slacks and any old blouse or jersey. And did she have a good time!

And nobody but Lord Rosedale and his morganatic wife had thought of starting off on

Rosedale shone. He had been induced to invest in a feather-weight rubber pullover, which hid the dolefully shabby, long and old-fashioned faded red sweater, and provided ample protection besides. But it was funny to watch him, picking up his feet like a thoroughbred race horse—in those clumsy boots. Oh, yes, he wore The Hat—the soft felt hat he wears on all occasions, has always worn, and it is feared, always will. It has done duty at operas and concerts, at festivals and funerals. But he





*National Parks Branch Photo*

*Egypt Lake. One of the objectives of the 1935 Sky Line Trail Hike.*



turned the brim down and wore it in the rain. Later, his tent mates said he slept in it.

Mr. Gibbon, who no doubt should be judged the exemplar of what the well-dressed man mountaineer should wear, had a sombrero, picturesque, broad and light. He wore what looked like a linen or alpaca Norfolk jacket, and woolly-tweedy golf knickers that were probably packed away from season to season, unpressed. Everybody of course had some sort of woolen hose. The ladies wore old silk ones underneath.

But to return to Mr. Gibbon—a musician among other things. At the old harmonium they kept in the little cabin at Twin Falls, the high spot of the hike (and was it cold), in a soft, tan Hudson Bay Cloak, with the attached hood over his head, he was an unforgettable picture. Wilf Carter, the genu-ine cowboy, was singing cowboy songs to the strum of his guitar; and a general sing-song followed. The delectable acrid smell of woodsmoke pervaded the air. Bridget watched and sniffed from the cabin window. She had no Hudson Bay Cloak. Nor had Lord Rosedale, who sat stiffly at a rough table, in The Hat and an English raincoat of most elegant line, a cravat tied fastidiously at his throat, and looking of all men, the most miserable in the wide worruld.

Came the dawn and came release for the Lord Rosedales—with a luxurious week at Emerald Lake and a more luxurious few days in a Louis Quinze-or-something room in the Chalet at Lake Louise. And just as they were leaving behind them experiences that are now a deep and diverting intaglio in memory—there on a display rack in the railway station, was a Hudson Bay Cloak of soft, downy white, horizontally striped in lake-blue, berry-red and moonshine yellow—just Bridget's size and only \$15!

It had always been the prism of Bridget's forever elusive dream—to wear the right thing in the right place. When it is the Canadian Rockies, it would be the combination riding-hiking boots a ready described; a bright vest, preferably red or green; well-cut riding breeches; a series of light sweaters, removable according to the weather; a gay kerchief (admittedly just for decoration); hair neat enough to go without a hat; a pair of Indian hand-made riding gloves (useful for holding alpenstocks) worked in design like Indian moccasins; and a pair of the latter, please, ankle-high, to rest the feet from the Boots, at nighfall in camp; a proper slicker, lightly protecting; *and* the Hudson Bay Cloak.

Bridget insists that it was fun anyway, but it would have been more fun without the Boots.



*C.P.R. Cabin at Shadow Lake with 12 bunks for the first twelve ladies who make reservations for the 1935 Sky Line Trail Hike.*



*Top*  
*Interior of Cabin.*

*Centre*  
*The Living Room.*



*Enclosed Verandah*  
*Restaurant.*

*Scenes from Castle Mountain*  
*Bungalow Camp where the*  
*Pow Wow will be held, 1935*  
*Sky Line Trail Hike.*

*Photos by Harry Pollard*





Whistling Valley Pass looking eastward, on the 1935 Sky Line Trail Hike. Photo by Jim Brewster.

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